

New Bedford. Oct 20. 1842

My Darling little Handy,

You know there is such a person as

Anny Chapman and such a person as Anny Weston. Did you ever know there was such a person as Anny Conder? There is and it came to New Bedford the other day and was made a shew of. I almost went to see it, but Mr Beane slipped off without me. He told me all about it, & now I will tell you. It is a snake 20 feet long; it is kept in a box with cotton wool all packed round it to keep it warm. The poor thing suffers terribly with the cold; when it was taken out of its box it was almost stiff. The man who shewed it put it round his neck & it hung down each side like a mantle. Little Johnny Beane fell down the other day on to the wood pile & he cut a great gash in his fore head, & when he came in, covered with blood, his mother nearly fainted away. His fore head is all covered with adhesive plaster. Mrs Beane's little baby is getting very cunning, it can play. When I am sitting reading & it begins to cry, I begin to talk to it, & I always end with "little totty slayti", as talking to baby talk being my dear dog to mine. I see little Mary Emerson pretty often. She does not behave very well. She calls her mother's worsted work her "roostered work" & when she gets hold of it, on to the work. - I have been trying to write you this letter ever since I came, but I have had so much to do, I have had no time. I come home from school pretty tired, so I shall not write you any the page down, & fill up the rest with a postscript to Deborah. I shall come home in 4 weeks from Saturday. How I shall admire to have you come into my bed in the morning. You must give my love to Pa & Mrs Weston & Lizzy & all Grandmama's folks. Ask Mary, you may go straight & give him some thing to eat.

I forgot to say

that yesterday

The snake went down to Merrick's;

Two cows also -
at which fine shew
the Whigs were in hysterics.

An ox was roasted
And clay was trosted -
Five there and near were there;

And to make up the shew
Rev Mr Bigelow
"Offered a fervent prayer.

This pretty poetry is for your Aunt Deborah. It is above your
comprehension at present. Good bye. your loving aunt Annis Weston.
Thursday evening. Dear Deborah, I have written the last & might have
another sheet, but as it was on one of your small sheets, I shall
compress it all into this I send this, according to my promise directed
to Annie. Mr Coffin called early Tuesday morning for my letters,
which I trust you have got me this. After school I called on Grace.
Mr Lindsey was there. He had invited herself down to Grace's to pass the
day, as Mr L. was going to the great Barborne I have mentioned
above. This broke up our plan of going to the Howlands. Mrs P. insisted
on my coming too, directly from school. In the evening I went to the
Lyceum & heard Dr J. V. C. Smith on Geology. The house was very
full; the lecture so so. About sharks etc. The Lord on disasterly came
to night. Nothing special in it. Miss Fore tried again to keep, but
had to come home. Wednesday. To day I went to Grace's, & as it
looked terribly like rain I wore my blue gown. It almost killed me
it was so tight. My whole chest has been sore & lame to day like
a person in a bad cold. You may say it is a cold, but I have
no other symptom. My lungs feel sore as they have after I have
been running, or read aloud too much. I shall let it out somehow.
I had a pleasant day on the whole. Grace has a very comfortable
house. We had roast goose, two sorts of potatoes, tomato & apple
sauce, mince & pumpkin pies, & tea, & took time enough to eat &
drink it. Mrs L. is quite an agreeable person, though I think she
makes a perfect fool of herself, in her desire to show off Lindsey's
devotion and her own pre-eminence in taking the first part in
"The way to keep his." He is however some what intelligent & has
the good qualities of truth & candour. There is to be sure, no love
lost between her & Grace. In the evening came her father. I perfectly
hated him. He is one of the most disagreeable people I ever met with.
To do her justice, she seemed to like him as little as I did. Poloffin was
there; he had had a note from Maria asking him to make Thomas
Journals. He seemed to think he could. J. Congdon brought me letters

from Caroline, during & a note from Mary. Edmund's was a really
better sheller letter as you ever saw. Miss Bore is so poor she has
concluded to give up her school & go home. She leaves Saturday. Since
she began to talk of going I like her better & am glad I have behaved
so well to her. I think her on the borders of a consumption. She has a
pearly cough. To day (Thursday) I have had a somewhat tiresome
day. At noon Mrs Bore called me into her chamber & gave
me \$/5. for the benefit of the Fair! I was surprised I assure you
I don't know but she is the saint she gives out to be. It was certainly
very handsome. Polly Johnson her colicute \$/19. Mrs Emerson has been here
this evening. I received your letter joyfully to night. - Friday morning.
I had to leave off abruptly last night as my lamp failed. I was sorry
that Mr had had any powdering, for I always am scared lest she should
get up a pinkie as she did last winter. Rather than have her send the
children had better be sent back to Boston & then certainly she
could be little to take her up. I feel anxious about Aunt Phoebe.
I wish she could see Dr Wilbur herself. Could she not go in to Maria
& stay a night & see him there. Miss Bore thinks of going home to
mom. She is a good girl, & I ought not to be so glad as I am
about her going but I cannot help it. I am going down to Mrs Har-
land's to pass the night, to night. I have not seen them since
came back. I have been so taken up I could not go, save last
Sunday, & as Auntie said nothing about my going, I felt anxious
to propose it. You need take no steps about the blue petticoat, unless
perfectly convenient for I am better off for petticoats (upper ones) than
any thing else. I shall mention Caroline's representation to the folks
here & get what I can. I suppose it will all be as Madam
Corydon & Bailey say. I began to dislike Mary as much as you do.
She is ready to annihilate Collins altogether, but the Emersons had
made it out pretty well what it was for, before I told them.
I began to read Percival Keene yesterday, till I was obliged to put it
up to go to writing. I am greatly amused by it, though I have not gone
far. I laughed out when I came to the Freeman's sign, & put up my
hands to try to do it I recognized one of women's accomplishments. I wish
you would rise in your majesty & merrily & paint the kitchen &
buttery floors. I pray you to do it. Now is just the weather. Before it
can freeze you know. Mr Emerson went to the Alders yesterday at a
very earnest request to help Mrs A. quilt a petticoat. Mrs Markie
was there. They were in the nursery with a bed & crib in the room
where babies appear dying about, & Kitchcock & Gleason threaded needles.

I thought these little particulars might interest you. Mrs Coggeshall
has got a room in the Parker House in which to keep & board them.
Do you think I ought to call on Mrs Morgan. I should see this as
I did not wish to give her an opportunity of going to talking about
you. As she is the only person of that set, who has paid me any attention.
I do not think I shall stand on such a matter of etiquette as then
not calling on my return. I think some time next week I will call.
Tell Aunt Mary that her letter was abundantly welcome &
I am waiting impatiently to hear again. She must not expect me to
write directly to her very often, for what I write to you is the same
as to her & I am much more hurried than when you were here.

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Miss Anna Greene Chapman.

Care of Miss Deborah Weston.

Weymouth.

Mass.

I get the papers regularly & if I had my leisure to read should be
glad. My boy coughed dreadfully last night. I think he is
great danger. When you send a bundle, send any letters that
Maria may receive. Yrs ever AWW